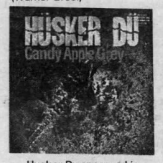
Newspapers by ancestry
https://www.newspapers.com/image/276746249

Downloaded on Mar 25, 2024

RECORDS

HUSKER DU: Candy Apple Grey
(Warner Bros.)



Husker Du appeared in the late 1970s along with scores of other American hardcore bands, suspicious perhaps of the movement's mannered nihilism but accepted as a fellow traveler nonetheless. The Minneapolis trio expressed its pain and outrage in wild-eyed, red-faced sprints like "Don't Have a Life" and "Everything Falls Apart." The dilemma facing bands like Husker Du is how to vent the anger and energy that made them vital in the first place and not be robbed by the mellowing-out brought on by age. A reconciliation between these two warring art-behavioral patterns is what one hears on Husker Du's major-label debut. The album has its share of hooks that cook, but the most striking moments arrive when the volume levels drop nearly to zero. With guitarist Bob Mould's two acoustic ballads and drummer Grant Hart's sweet piano-based melody, the band wrings as much hard-edged sentiment from these stripped-down arrangements as it does from the electro-charged turbo-blasters that dominate "Candy Apple Grey." Husker Du has found a workable link in the dichotomies between old and young, tradition and trend, one that lines up folk music's roots-reverence with hardcore's roots-radicalization. As such "Candy Apple Grey" is a welcome way station on the road to pop-music detente.

Rich Harry

SOUL ASYLUM: Made To Be Broken
(Twin/Tone)

Like Humpty Dumpty straddling a wall, this Minneapolis foursome wonders what to do: Push off, in hopes of wider acceptance (like compatriots Husker Du and The Replacements) or stay put, thus prolonging its hardcore adolescence. Soul Asylum has it both ways on its second LP: The second side (titled Side Four) continues the loutish din of the dog-chasing-tail thrash of Soul Asylum's debut, though not without a certain rough-loving care, while the first side (titled Side Three) demonstrates the band has discovered polish and timing aren't dirty words. While Side Three's half-dozen songs are brief, each is melodically impressive, blending a vague Midwestern loneliness with a punch-drunk arrogance. The high-energy attack is well-paced, with guitar riffs of isolated beauty and cascading fretwork interspersed with furious whiskeyed pumping, making the super-sounding mix (Husker Bob Mould produced) the bridge between intelligence and adrenalin.

Dana Valois

BLACK FLAG: Who's Got The 10½?
(SST)

At last, I thought, an album to stop the bleeding that began a while back after these California hardcore legends settled the incredibly complex legal problems that had prevented them from recording for 27 months. Since March 1984, Black Flag has cranked out album after album after album, and in the process has done irreparable harm to what was an almost mythic reputation. I figured a live disc (this one's from the band's 1985 tour) would play to the band's strengths and accentuate Black Flag's stronger material. But save for a surprisingly gentle "Bastard in Love," a cranked up "My War" and the ever-prurient "Slip It In," this LP is a tiresome, twisted tangle of Greg Ginn's grating guitar and Henry Rollins' Jim Morrison-cum-Jim Dandy ranting (which is very effective when it works). A footnote: This set features new drummer Anthony Martinez and is bassist Kira Roessler's swan song (she has been replaced by Cel Revuelata).

Len Righi

SACCHARINE TRUST: Worldbroken
(SST)

GONE: Let's Get Real, Real Gone For A Change
(SST)

PAINTED WILLIE: Mind Bowling
(SST)

Rock bands signed to California's SST label — Black Flag, Meat Puppets, The Minutemen, to name just the best — traditionally have avoided the well-beaten path, so you pretty much know you're in for a wild ride with these rascals. Question is, will you want to hang on long enough to get where they want to take you. Saccharine Trust, for example, demands an awful lot from the listener. Totally improvised live last summer at a Santa Monica gig, "Worldbroken" is equal parts psycho-Morrison rhyme-making, Captain Beefheart songform chaos and shattering bursts of avant-guitar metallica. Imagine sitting through that! Writer Richard Meltzer compares these guys to "Jim and Jimi in one band" but their impact seems more like that of a comedy record — fine-as-novelty on first listen but do we really want to hear it again? Hail no. Instrumental albums are much the same way. True to form, "Let's Get Real, Real Gone For A Change" provides little lasting enjoyment as Black Flag guitarist Greg Ginn and two sidemen go this way and that with everything from bluesy rock and rocky blues to plod-plod metal and rat-a-tat thrash. What more do rock-guitar fans want, you argue. I'll tell you what they want — a little more inspiration than what's shown here. Ginn redeems himself, though, with his production job on Painted Willie's new LP; by any reliable measure "Mind Bowling" stands as SST's choice flavor of the month. Ginn highlights the best elements in the band's harsh, thumping sound, and the group abets the racket with vicious black humor. Do not be fooled by them covering Bacharach-David — it's clear these guys learned their tricks from the MC5, the Stooges, and '60s garage punk. Care to dance?

Rich Harry

METAL CHURCH
(Elektra)

First let it be said that this five-piece post-punk/semi-hardcore metal group vehemently denies any satanic ties. What this outfit preaches is metal in the tradition of Accept. While David Wayne is just a so-so vocalist, "Beyond the Black" features some first-class jamming between guitarists Kurdt Vanderhoof and Craig Wells, "Merciless Onslaught" is an aptly titled instrumental and "Gods of Wrath" offers the obligatory (and much-needed) change of pace. Also included is a cover version of Deep Purple's "Highway Star," which Metal Church reproduces almost note for note, only faster. The old Cheech and Chong joke about playing Black Sabbath at 78 is realized here.

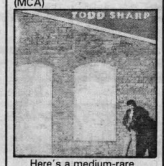
Lori Black

DICKS: These People
(Alternative Tentacles)

The four members of this California hardcore band have two things in their favor even before they plug into their amps and start to stomp and howl. They're signed to the Dead Kennedys' label, which means they can pretty much write and sing what they want, and their producer is Dead Kennedys bassist Klaus Flouride, which means they can still write and sing what they want and not have to worry about sounding like The Eagles or Chicago or ABBA when the final product comes out of the studio. So what went wrong with "These People?" For starters, no material. The band lobs its poisoned darts at the most predictable of targets (rich businessmen, killer cops), and nobody in the group has the ability to express their commonplace feelings in particularly vivid terms. So what we get is a band that talks loud, says nothing. Worse still, the group fails to energize its dull gray sound; in fact this is one of the most ponderous hardcore acts I've heard in ages. (Psssst . . . think they could pass as a fast heavy metal band?)

Rich Harry

TODD SHARP Who Am I
(MCA)



Here's a medium-rare rocker that, in these days of musical junk food, is at least palatable. Sharp is a guitarist who has been around — he's played Hall & Oates and Mick Fleetwood's Zoo — and the experience is evident. However, much of the stuff, such as "I Don't Want to Leave You" and "Young Man," is cut from the Bryan Adams mold — for better or worse. For worse, his Fleetwood Mac connection is also evident. The tepid "We Were Lonely" features a duet with Christine McVie, and she is a reminder of the whole Fleetwood theory of audio restraint, which holds back this album and prevents it from really zooming. On the bright side, "Now I'm Strong" is a rootsy, bluesy acoustic number that is head and shoulders above the rest. Schizzy.

Bill Wedo

DANCING HOODS: 12 Jealous Roses
(Relativity)

For the sake of comparison, Long Island's Dancing Hoods sound a bit like the Del Fuegos with a dollop of metal. On this, the Hoods' first full-length release (in 1984, they did a self-titled EP with Glen Morrow of the Individuals at the dials), the Hoods take the natural approach: all 11 tracks were done on the first take. Just the ticket for capturing raw spontaneity and compelling, solid, high-energy rock 'n' roll. As for their style — their influences seem to range from the Velvet Underground to Buddy Holly to Keith Forsey — you could call it "inconsistent" or you could call it "versatile" (I'd say it's more of the latter). Best tracks are "Pleasure," "Girl Problems," "Take My Chances" and (how's this for a great movie title?) "Wild and the Lonely." Of course the Dancing Hoods are a band worth watching: You've got to be something special to be on the same label as Robyn Hitchcock.

Cheryl Wenner

SQUIRREL BAIT
(Homestead)

While stumbling around in the record bins recently, I got tipped to a supposedly hot new sound from Louisville, Ky. Sure enough, this disc sneaks up and screams in your ear: A revolving black hole of poor mental hygiene that insists on being heard. Barely out of high school, Squirrel Bait's members obviously are young enough to think their music might matter. Their songs express anger and confusion and loneliness, their inability to cope manifesting in inarticulate yowling and foaming twin-guitar spew. Even a simple pleasure like having sunshine on their backs ("Take it away! Take it away!") is reduced to an object of dread: Feeling good, they believe, can only mean living out a lie. This is awfully disturbing stuff, Squirrel Bait's disfigured psyche. And when the singer screams he wishes he were dead, which he does barely minutes into the set, you have no choice but to believe him. Holy head case, Batman! If feeling hopelessly screwed-up as a teen-ager yields music this powerful, I can hardly wait to hear these guys when they realize it ain't much better grown-up.

Rich Harry

Roxy Records
THE BEST MUSIC.. AT THE BEST PRICE
ALL $8.98 LIST LP'S — $5.99-$6.99 EVERYDAY
OPEN MON.-SAT. 12-7 PHONE 215-261-2662
Imports our Specialty
TOP 100 U.S. LP'S & TOP 40 45'S IN STOCK
LATEST IMPORT RELEASES AND MUSIC PUBLICATIONS
IMPORT LP'S $5.99-$9.49 EVERYDAY!
SPECIAL ORDER SERVICE: WE DO MAIL ORDER
WE PAY MORE for USED RECORDS
NEXT to the ROXY THEATRE in NORTHAMPTON

THE MORNING CALL
For home delivery call 820-6601

Copyright © 2024 Newspapers.com. All Rights Reserved.

Powered by Newspapers.com